

The Comeback Kid Comes Back Again



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GOOD MORNING, insomniacs. It's time for The Awful Late Show, featuring that awful old movie. "The Comeback Kid" — starring the beloved old exchamp, Dick, and his loyal wife, Pat, who has always wanted him to quit the fight game forever.

As you remember, The Comeback Kid hadn't won a fight for 16 years until he finally captured the title on a split decision. But then, at the height of fame and fortune and only after a long, grueling battle, he was tossed out of the ring for fighting dirty. Ever since, he's been recovering from his injuries. But now...

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THE KID (shadowboxing around the room): Take that for America, you dirty rats. And that! And that!

Pat (entering aghast): Kid! You should be resting.

The Kid: Don't worry, baby. The Doc says I'm back in shape. He says I can now travel anywhere in the country, even Washington. You can't keep a good man down.

Pat (pleading): But, Kid, your trials in Washington are over.

The Kid (nodding): That's another reason I'm feeling better. Like I told old Barry when he came to visit the other day, now I'm ready to get back in the ring, striking blows for an effective foreign policy, decency in government...

Pat: Why don't you just stick to foreign policy, Kid?

The Kid: Then I'm going to go around helping young comers I like, giving them advice and my invaluable public support.

Pat: You mean they want it?

The Kid: Sure. Already a post card's come flooding in. Listen to this: 'If you want to help me out, why don't you go to Uganda?' That's funny, I don't remember any comers in Uganda.

Pat (wringing her hands): Don't you see, Kid? You're through. You're washed up. They don't want you any more. You're no longer the champ.

The Kid: I only lost my title on a technicality.

Pat: Kid, they've got the evidence on your own tapes. They disqualified you for a low blow.

The Kid: It sure was a low blow, disqualifying me. But I'll get the title back. First, I'll have to fight a few prelims. Line up Helen Gahagan Douglas. She's a pushover. Then I'll take on that bumbling club fighter, Brown, who knocked me out with a lucky punch. I understand he just recaptured the California title. Then...

Pat: No, Kid, that's his son who has it now.

The Kid (frowning): Time sure does fly. Well, it won't be easy. But I'm no quitter. And I'm not a crook either.

Pat (falling to her knees): Please, Kid, renounce the sordid fight game and remain the simple, unspoiled, rich real estate entrepreneur I have come to know and love.

The Kid: Fighting's in my blood, baby. But I'll make it back to the top. Jewels from foreign potentates, limousines, Easy street. Don't worry, this time I'm not going to make the same mistake.

Pat: What mistake, Kid?

The Kid (punching his palm with his fist): This time I'm not going to buy a tape recorder.